

T H E
THRUSH:

A CHOICE

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Collection of New SONGS.

V I Z.

1. LOCHABER.
 2. AMORET and PHILLIS.
 3. SWEET PASSION OF LOVE.
 4. DE'EL TAKE THE WARS.
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T E W K E S B U R Y :

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold also at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Likewise the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established reputation, that are advertised in the Weekly Papers.

The T H R U S H, &c.

L O C H A B E R,



FARWELL to Lochaber and farwell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have many day
been,

For Lochaber no more, for Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more :
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no more for the dangers attending on Weir,
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
Tho' loudest of thunder on loudest waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore :
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd,
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory my Jeany maun plead my excuse,
Since honour cammands me how can I refuse ;
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be :

I gae then my lass to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

AMORET and PHILLIS.

A M O R E T,

SWEET Phillis well met, the sun is just set,
 To you myrtle grove let's repair :
 All nature's at rest, and none to molest,
 I've something to say to my fair.

P H I L L I S,

No, no, subtle swain, entreaties are vain,
 Persuade me go you ne'er shall ;
 Night draws on apace, I must quit the place,
 The dew is beginning to fall.

A M O R E T.

Believe me, coy maid, by honour I'm sway'd,
 No fears need your bosom alarm ;
 The oak and the pine, their leaves kindly join,
 To shelter love's vot'ries from harm.

P H I L L I S,

Your arts I despise, my virtue I prize,
 Though I or I am richer than those,
 Who lost to all shame will barter their fame,
 For purchase of gold and fine cloaths.

A M O R E T.

You do me much wrong, such thoughts ne'er belong,
 To the noble and generous breast ;

I mean but to know, if Phillis wou'd go,
And let Hymen make Amoret bless'd.

P H I L L I S,

If what you now say, your heart don't betray,
If gives me much pleasure to find,
My Amoret still, a stranger to ill,
And for wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

B O T H,

With joy I comply, the dear nuptial tye,
To-morrow both hearts shall unite;
Ye lovers so true, let virtue in you,
The same inclinations excite.



Sweet Passion of Love.

THIS cold flinty heart, it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd,
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

The frost nips the buds, and the rose cannot blow,
From the youth that is frost nipp'd no rapture can flow,
Elysium to him but a desert will prove;
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet May:
Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the grove;
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.



De'el take the Wars.

DE'EL take the wars that hurry Willy from me,
Who to love me just had sworn,
They made him captain sure to undo me,

Woe is me he'll ne'er return,
A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay safe from sword or gun.

I used alluring graces,
With much the kind embraces,
Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall,
Had he my soft arms,
Preferr'd to wars alarms,

My love's grown mad, without the man of Gad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snarcs that they told me would catch the man,
And on my head a huge commodie sat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again.

For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flowers did shine,
My love might well think me gay and bonny,
No Scotch lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace shoes and silken hose gartered over knee,
But oh! the fatal thought,
To Willy these are nought;
Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he silly loon might have plunder'd me.



CHAISE MARINE.

MY dearest life, were thou my wife,
 How happy should I be,
 And all my care, in peace and war,
 Should be to pleasure thee.

When up and down, from town to town,
 We jolly soldiers rove,
 Then you my queen, in chaise marine,
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I'd prize, beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war,
 Would'st thou agree, to follow me,
 In humble baggage car.
 For happiness tho' in distress,
 In soldiers wives is seen,
 And pride in each, has more reproach,
 Than love in chaise marine.

Oh! do not hold, your love in gold,
 Nor set your heart on gain,
 Behold the great with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain.

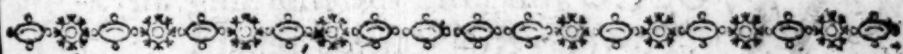
In house or tent, I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see,
 And ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortunes slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives,
 Nor deign to smile, on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives,

For briton's right, and you we fight,
 And every ill defie,
 Should but the fair, reward our care,
 With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart,
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldiers part.

With fife and drum, the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war,
 Then don't think mean of chaise marine,
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

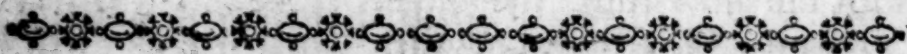


New J O C K E Y.

MY laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain
 Tho' bluebells and violets the hedges adorn,
 The trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn.
 No pleasure they give me in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away,
 Forlorn I sit singing and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste my dear Jockey to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see;
 Those pastimes offend me my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promised he wou'd in a fortnight be here,
 Oh fond expectation, my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste:
 Then farewell each care---and adieu each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I?
 I'll sing o'er the meadows and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.



The MORNING AIR.

WOULD you taste the morning air,
 To yon verdant fields repair,
 Where cowslips sweet and violets blue,
 With grateful scents shall welcome you,
 Hear the soft and cooling breeze,
 Fanning thrilling thro' the trees,
 Whilst the dew besprinkling round,
 Cools the thirsty parching ground.

Hark! the lark now soaring high,
 With her echo fills the sky,
 The charming nightingale and thrush,
 Are warbling notes on every bush:
 Haste fair nymph, then haste away,
 Taste these joys without delay,
 Prove, and proving you will tell,
 The morning joys do all excell.

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J I N I S.